Kurt would disappear, but Edward would call us half a dozen times every evening, wanting to talk to Samantha. She didn't want to talk to him, and we weren't allowed to tell him anything. He'd beg us to use our "telepathy" to bring him to the phone. Caspar would stare at the phone as if it repulsed him. Then he'd hang up. If I answered he'd try to get me to tell Samantha to do something, although I had no such authority. He'd say to tell her that he missed her terribly, that she had to come right over. I'd say that I'd tell her he called. He'd tell me to tell her that he was lonely, that he'd rented some videos, and it was O.K. to bring Kurt. I'd repeat myself. I'd tell her that he called, that was all. Finally he'd tell me that he was feeling suicidal. If Samantha didn't come he'd kill himself. I didn't believe him, but I had to tell him that any more talk like that and I'd call the police to take him in for an "assessment." That shut him up for the rest of the evening.

I met him at the company picnic. It happened every September in a large park where the neighbors let their dogs run off leash. The manager didn't go. Adam went but he wasn't very enthusiastic. He said the staff tried to make it a field day, with races and prizes. The tenants were happy to get a hamburger and a few cigarettes. Especially the cigarettes.

Edward wasn't ugly. He was middle-aged, with blonde hair and a florid complexion. He wore shiny black patent leather shoes. I remember him sitting alone at a picnic table.